

Coastal Current

(Incorporating Inverlochy Log)

Quarterly Newsletter
Anglesea & District Historical Society Inc.
& Surf Coast Family History Group

Editor: Karl Jacklin

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In this issue:

- President's Pen (Jan Morris)
- News & resources for family historians (Susan Clarke)
- Adjusting the image of the workhouse master (Susan Clarke)
- Gwen Morgan - Certificate of Appreciation
- Anglesea River - A new health report (Jane Shennan)
- Bark Hut Recipe Book (Jan Morris)
- Sacrifices commemorated at 80 years on (Rose Gigliotti)
- Mawson family - Further generations (Jan Morris)
- Anglesea Memories (Rodney Fernald)

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Museum and Library Times
The museum is open between 2:00pm and 4:00pm on the second Sunday of each month, and from 4:30pm to 8:00pm on each Friday evening the Community House has a "Twilight Market."
The museum is also open by appointment. Just phone one of the committee members listed above to arrange a mutually suitable time.
The museum library is accessible whenever History House is open.
The Family History collection of books and CDs is available by appointment.

No meetings or activities are held on code red days, or days of extreme fire danger.

Forthcoming Activities of the Historical Society and Family History Group

ANGLESEA & DISTRICT HISTORICAL SOCIETY & SURF COAST FAMILY HISTORY GROUP
Tuesday 11 March 2025
TOUR OF Anglesea Places




Bus tour to and visit Water Treatment Works, RSL, Fire Station, Lions Village, Ambulance Station
Picnic Lunch Coogoorah Park for 40th anniversary.




Leaves History House 10.00am sharp
Cost \$30 includes lunch
Members \$25
Booking essential
0448 526 311

ANGLESEA & DISTRICT HISTORICAL SOCIETY
2.00pm 6 April 2025, Function Room, Anglesea Hotel
Speaker: Geoff Caldwell
Topic: History of Anglesea Camps
Entry: Gold Coin donation



- Raffle
- Includes tea & coffee

Members and Visitors welcome!

SURF COAST FAMILY HISTORY GROUP
APRIL MEETING
Thursday 10 April @ History House
Entrance 4 McMillan Street



Work of the Bellbrae Cemetery Trust
Speaker: Bridget Jacoby (Trust Committee)

- Begins 10.00am
- Entry free
- Morning tea included
- Members & Visitors welcome!

Volunteers Needed



Maintaining and developing an organisation like an historical society takes a lot of human effort, and it's all made possible by volunteer helpers. If you have a spare hour or two each week you might be able to assist us by doing a bit of gardening, or undertaking some typing or simple database work, or keeping the lending library in order, or even helping us run some of our interactive programs. If you are interested, contact our Secretary Susan Clarke on 0438 070 560 or our President Jan Morris on 0448 526 311.

Commemoration of the 1944 RAAF Mitchell Bomber Crash

"This is the first time in 80 years, the 1944 crash victims have been honored, and the bravery of the local search and rescue people has been recognized", said a descendant of one of the RAAF personnel. He had come to commemorate the RAAF Mitchell Bomber crash that happened off Point Addis. The commemoration on 8 December 2024 was organized by a combined committee of the Anglesea and Torquay Historical Societies.

The commemoration commenced at Point Addis, the nearest land point to where the crash happened, with descendants and invited guests gathering. RAAF cadets formed a guard of honor. Frank Vagg was MC and RAAF Squadron Leader Christopher Hayden the speaker. He emphasised the legacy of courage. Descendants of the crew and the rescuers' descendants laid wreaths to honour their brave ancestors. The ceremony concluded with a flypast of a CAC Winjeel, a 100 Squadron heritage aircraft, at 11.07am, the exact time the crash occurred. It flew in honour of the men who had perished and the rescuers who ensured that others survived.

The ceremony then moved to the Anglesea Loveridge Lookout, from where in 1944 the crash had been reported by Volunteer Air Observers. Peter Bromley was MC. Another wreath was laid, this time to the Anglesea search and rescue people. The Lions Club of Anglesea provided traffic management.

The RSL Anglesea sub branch provided lunch for the visitors and invited guests. They then moved to History House for a commemorative service where John Anderson was MC. The Men's shed had put seats out on the lawn. Each RAAF serviceman and each person involved with the search and rescue was honoured and a native plant given to the family to plant in their memory.

An extensive display in History House told the background and story of the crash and each of the people involved. A short film told the story of the Mitchell Bomber, an American plane that had been adapted for Australian conditions.

This commemoration resulted in relationships being reignited between family members and new friendships developed between families as they met for the first time.

It was heart-warming to see many Anglesea organisations working together to ensure this day honoured those involved in the 1944 crash.



A further report by FLGOFF Rose Gigliotti, 464 Squadron Military Public Affairs, RAAF, on this 80th anniversary commemorative ceremony is included on page 10 of this edition of Coastal Current



New South Wales local and family history resources

See TROVE blogpost at: <https://trove.nla.gov.au/blog/2024/12/17/new-south-wales-family-and-local-history-resources>

History of your home: how to search your home's history using TROVE

Another interesting TROVE blogpost: <https://trove.nla.gov.au/blog/2024/12/02/history-your-home>

Sparking curiosity

Great, great, great Aunt Matilda: Wookey Hole, Somerset to Hawthorn, Victoria. This is a reflection from a family historian on encouraging a younger generation to become engaged more broadly in history while encouraging them to ask questions, explore new ideas and think about how history connects to their own lives: <https://prov.vic.gov.au/about-us/our-blog/sparking-curiosity>

New PROV records released 1 January 2025

There is a long list of newly opened records, including divorce case files, hospital inpatient books, ward books and nurse record cards. Go to: <https://prov.vic.gov.au/about-us/our-blog/violet-town-disaster-bank-robbery-and-prison-escape>

Full-text search at FamilySearch

FamilySearch has a new full-text search product that can help you find historical records using artificial intelligence (AI). For a demo, go to: <https://www.familysearch.org/en/help/helpcenter/article/find-the-new-full-text-search-for-historical-records>
[credit to GSV for this alert]

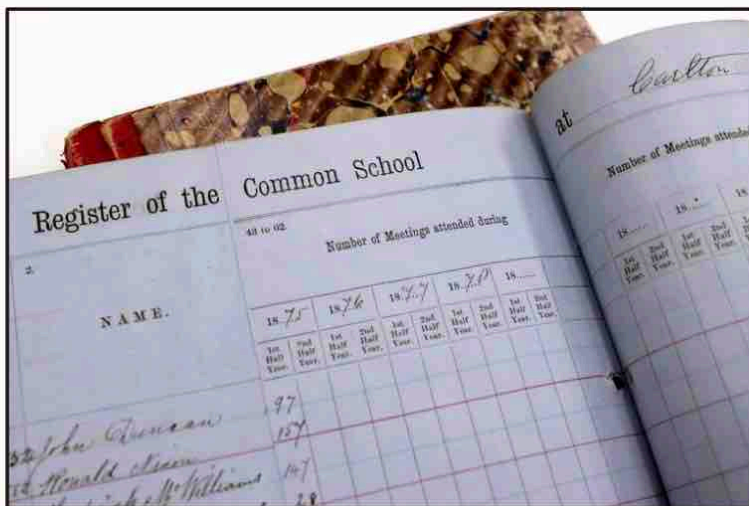
PROV: new to website

Divorce records 1860s to 1920s. Plan to continue adding files up to 1940s. Divorce files and cause books (Years 1861-1948) Record Series Number (VPRS): 5335, 283, many other regional series. See: <https://prov.vic.gov.au/explore-collection/explore-topic/divorce-files-and-cause-books>

PROV: The school records transfer project

Update at: <https://prov.vic.gov.au/about-us/our-blog/echoes-education>

Pupils' Register Carlton State School 1874 - 1881, VPRS 19868/C1



1921 Census of England and Wales

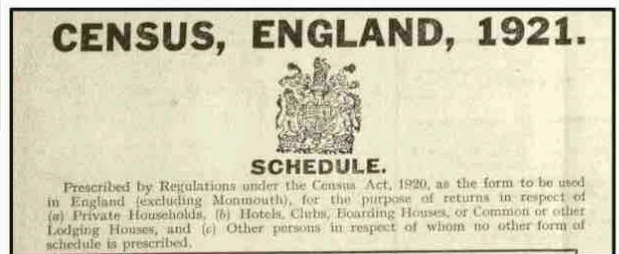
Ancestry now offers the 1921 Census of England and Wales on its platform (see right)

Quote for this issue:

“The present-day passion for reconstructing family trees, thanks largely to a combination of extensive nineteenth-century record-keeping and the digital possibilities of the twenty-first, inevitably favours those ancestors who procreated over the ones who did not. A several-times-great-grandfather, once triumphantly located, has his place in the great family scheme of things in the way his childless brother or sister never will.”

[Gillian Tindall, *The Pulse Glass and the Beat of Other Hearts*]

[SC: Do you agree? Not sure I do]





Harry Furniss, 'Starvation in the Workhouse', in *Charles Dickens Library Edition* (1910)

When we think of workhouses in nineteenth century England the first image that generally comes to mind is Oliver Twist saying "Please, sir I want some more" in Charles Dickens' eponymous novel.

So I was understandably concerned when I found out that my Great Grandfather's brother, Henry Edward Wakely, was Master of the Kingston-Upon-Thames, Surrey workhouse at the end of his working life. Had he been like Mr Bumble in Dickens' novel or had he, hopefully, fulfilled his role in a more humane and caring manner?*

Henry was born in 1851, son of William Wakely and Jane Langer. His father was a tailor who fell on hard times after his wife died in childbirth in 1855 and he entered the Crane Street, Salisbury workhouse with his three youngest children on 20 December 1856. The three boys were Walter (b 1848), Henry (b 1851) and Charles (b 1853). William managed to arrange for his older two children, Sarah (b 1846) and Peter (b 1847) to live with relatives.

Henry's early years spent in Crane Street workhouse had a direct influence on the way he chose to live his life. He did not follow the family trade like his brothers and become a tailor, but instead he was employed in institutions of one kind or another throughout his working life.

Henry's first move was to join the Navy in 1866. His brother signed the enlistment papers because his father was dead. Henry trained aboard HMS St Vincent in Portsmouth. Three years later, aged 18, he signed up for ten years. In 1871 he was aboard the HMS Lord Warden in Naples. He signed up for another ten years in 1879 by which time he had become a ship's corporal. A ship's corporal was an assistant to the Master-at-Arms, who was in charge of discipline aboard ship. He served aboard HMAS Duke of Wellington, then returned to HMS St Vincent, the training ship for boys, which was by then moored permanently at Haslar on the Gosport peninsula. He finished his career on HMS Vernon as Master-at-Arms. His character was always recorded as very good.

In October 1880 Henry married Frances Eliza Sabberton at Gosport. Henry and Frances did not have any children. When he eventually left the Navy, Henry became Superintendent of the British Seamen's Orphans Boys Home at Brixham, Devon, and Frances was the matron. The orphanage, based near the harbour at Brixham, was for boys who had lost their fathers at sea. It initially accepted boys between 8 and 14 years old, who would be educated and looked after by the home. In the 1891 census, in Henry and Frances' time, there were 67 boys resident.

Henry became Master of Kingston workhouse in 1896 and Frances was again the matron. Here they were dealing with a much larger number of residents – over 500 inmates (excluding casuals) in 1903, and a much larger number of staff.



Kingston Workhouse entrance driveway (detail) c1910



My information about Henry's time as Master comes from newspaper articles that appeared in the *Surrey Comet*. I have not as yet been able to track down any official records from the Kingston Union. Thankfully, the articles that bear on Henry's character do not throw a negative light, in fact they contain a couple of positive comments, and all the articles indicate different aspects of his job. One could argue that the articles reflect his "public face" and it may have been a different story behind the closed doors of the institution, but there is currently no way of knowing. The contents of four articles are provided here.

The earliest reference in 1896 appears in a report on an inquest which returned a verdict of accidental death of an inmate. Any suggestion of negligence was dismissed. There were two references of interest in 1897. The first concerned 'a lunatic's escape'. The Master was questioned by the Board of Guardians about why he had made no mention in his report about the escape and recapture of a female lunatic in the middle of the night. The reply was that the Master was not in the habit of reporting such incidents ... they were far too frequent. The second reference concerned birthday celebrations for centenarian Granny Stevens:

... the good and kind master of the "house", Mr Wakely, had prepared a repast dainty enough for any centenarian. The busy and beneficent matron looked after her as though she had been her own great granddaughter; and "the cup that cheers" was made so steaming and stimulating that Mrs Stevens became, as the shades of evening began to fall, almost loquacious.

At the meeting of the Board of Guardians in July 1912 a letter was received tendering his resignation "from the able and much-respected Master of the Workhouse, Mr HE Wakely, who said that at the age of 62 and after 46 years in public service he felt that his health and strength did not justify him in continuing the duties". The resignation was accepted "with every token of regret and appreciation".

Henry died in October 1928 and is buried at Putney Vale Cemetery, Wandsworth. Probate was granted to wife Frances, and Henry left L1,892.

*Mr Bumble was in fact a beadle, a minor parish official, who oversaw the workhouse in Dickens' novel.

Sources

The Victorian Web: <https://www.victorianweb.org/art/illustration/furniss/ot3.html>

The Workhouse: the story of an institution: <https://www.workhouses.org.uk/Kingston/>

TNA: ADM/139/762. Image Reference:192

Gwen Morgan - Certificate of Appreciation



Members of the Surf Coast Family History Group recently met with Gwen Morgan to present her with a Certificate of Appreciation for her many years as a committee member and hard working participant in the Group's research and other activities. Thank you and well done Gwen.

'Rambler' penned a travelogue in praise of Anglesea River for the *Ballarat Star* on 23 February 1893. Thanks to Trove we reprint it here albeit it with a headline which we have amended from ANGELSEA to ANGLESEA and 'repair' of several names we know were incorrectly spelt. (Jane Shennan)

ANGLESEA RIVER—A NEW HEALTH REPORT

Glimpses of the sea are obtained as the coach descends the gradual declivity leading into Anglesea. The first intimation of a settlement is the commodious and well-built house of Mr Sichlau nestling among tile trees. The owner is a gentleman of means, who has spared no expense in making his seaside residence comfortable and tasteful. He has a boatshed on the river, with two good craft, a tennis court, large underground tanks, a well-planted avenue leading up to the house, &c.

Passing on a hundred yards or so another shapely residence appears, viz., that of Mr Mathew Brearley, the well-known retired tanner of Geelong. Here, again, everything is of the comfortable, town order. Mr Brearley has roomy grounds, a well-laid-out garden, most extensive coach house and poultry premises, a boat on the river, a good cellar, and so on.

Nearly opposite is the residence of Miss McKay, a lady of advanced age, of cultured mind, and of considerable literary ability. Her garden contains choice plants, and slopes down to Anglesea River.

Next door, in a good-sized paddock, is the local post office, which is kept by another of Scotland's daughters, Mistress Murray of that ilk. That "douce" body, whose pleasant face and ready tongue beguile the visitor into many a harmless "crack," keeps a boarding-house as well as the post office. Her terms are 30s a week.

Another couple of hundred yards or so brings one to the most pretentious buildings in Anglesea, viz., Anglesea hotel. It is a wooden building of three storeys, of a style of architecture absolutely unique, forming a most picturesque feature in the landscape. The house is kept by Mrs A. V. Jackson, a most estimable woman, who is assisted by her sister, Miss Parker. So distinct is the bar kept from the dwelling house that visitors are never reminded of its existence. There are balconies to each storey, and a tower from which a splendid view is obtained. The terms are 30s a week, with a reduction for families. The accommodation is excellent; the fare good, well-cooked, and neatly served; while the greatest attention is shown to individual proclivities. There are two boats kept in a shed upon the river, at the foot of the garden, in which visitors may row and fish without charge.

The river is very pretty, and affords scope for a three-mile row, the water being 20 feet deep in parts, diminishing to 3 feet near the mouth. Excellent bream, perch, and trout are caught, while up the stream, where it ceases to be navigable, there is a thickly-wooded ti-tree scrub, in which most fertile, oozy, volcanic soil forms the home of many specimens of very delicate ferns. Here, too, is what is called "The Spout", a spring of chalybeate water, of a red color and most astringent taste.

A fine bridge spans the Anglesea where the road meets it, but until last Easter (when it was constructed) great inconvenience was felt.

The beaches of Anglesea are fine and clean, and afford splendid bathing ground. Point Roadknight, which is about 2^{1/2} miles away, is a remarkable-looking promontory, consisting of jagged, honey-combed rocks, overlooking a wide shelf some acres in extent, which is lashed with spray at high tide.

Seven miles from Anglesea round the coast is Airey's Inlet, and the fine Split Rock Lighthouse. I walked round three times during my stay, and enjoyed myself thoroughly. The inspection of the light house, under the kind guidance of Mr Lindsay, the officer in charge, together with the beautiful little lunch most hospitably provided for me by Mrs Stafford, will long remain a green spot in my memory. Stretching away some five miles in the opposite direction is Point Addis upon whose beetling rocks lies wedged a vast mass of wreckage from the ill-fated Fiji.

Anglesea contains, besides those mentioned, some eight or ten private houses and two churches. These latter favor the Anglican and Presbyterian bodies, and service is held in each on alternate fortnights. Finally, for my space is limited, I cordially recommend Ballarat people to visit Anglesea, the combined attractions of river and sea, the rowing, the fishing, the ducks and rabbits to be shot, the choice of salt and fresh bathing, and the exceptional variety and profusion of wild flowers, all render the resort most desirable. "Marguerite Cottage", containing six rooms and a pantry, all well-furnished can be rented this month and next for £2 a week, on application to Mr Parker, ironmonger, Geelong.



LUNCH, DINNER, DRINKS and FUNCTIONS

- Public Bar
- TAB
- Lounge with a kids play area
- Function Room
- Thirsty Camel bottleshop

📍 1 Murch Cres. Anglesea VIC 3230
☎ (03) 5263 1210





BARK HUT RECIPE BOOK

Martha Pearse 1818 - 1870

Sarah McConachy 1846 -1920

Sarah McConachy, nee Pearse, continued this recipe book from her mother Martha Pearse. Sarah's recipe book compiled over the years 1843 -1920, was preserved for many years by her descendants.

- ❖ You are welcome to try these recipes and cures but we take no responsibility for the results.



THE AIREYS INLET Bark Hut Recipes & History



Anglesea & District Historical Society

GOLD CAKE

12 egg yolks 5 cups flour
 3 cups sugar 1 cup butter
 1 cups cream 1 tsp cream of tartar
 1/2 tsp soda

Beat the egg yolks, add sugar, soften butter by fire, stir it in. Sift dry ingredients together and stir in well

HOP BEER

8 dippers water 3 handfuls hops
 1 ounce ginger 2 handfuls bran
 1/4 cup yeast

Boil all ingredients except yeast for two hours. When cold, add yeast. Bottle next day and cork.

MARROW JAM

Put pieces about two inches square into a large earthenware pan with 3/4 pound sugar to each pound of marrow. Cut two pineapples into small pieces and add the marrow. Leave till next morning. Boil slowly for three hours, removing scum.

DAMSON PICKLES

4 pounds damsons 1 cup brown sugar
 1/2 packet spice 1 teaspoon
 cloves

Place in pan and cover with vinegar, boil well and bottle.

JOTTINGS

Note

Tues 28th July 1856
Mr Billy Ham and Miss Louisa Cowell got spliced the other day,

Poetry

On that eminence perched;
You will soon discover,
You have not one chance,
of securing a lover.

Mrs S McConachy

This book is hers

I do declare

Then steal it not or else
beware

Note

Aug 19 1909. Flooded creek all over Anderson's and Brown's paddocks. Mrs Jerry and maid drowned at 1/2 past 5.00 pm.

SOAP

6 pounds soda
3 pounds quick lime
3 gallons water
6 pounds fat
Boil soda and quicklime in water. Let it stand until next day, then pour off the liquid quite free from sediment. Add the fat, which must have been clarified by melting and pouring into cold water; boil for one hour and the pour into a wooden tub. Turn it out next day.

BACON CURING

100 pounds meat
3 pounds salt
2 ounces saltpetre
1 pound all spice
2 pounds dark sugar
1 pound honey
1-ounce carbonate soda
Rub the meat with honey, then a mixture of the other ingredients. Place in a tub and rub in a little more of the mixture every 24 to 48 hours. Take out in 21 days and soak for a few hours before scrubbing with a brush.

On December 11, 1944, a B-25D Mitchell bomber crashed off Point Addis, marking a tragic chapter in Australia's wartime history. This year, families of the fallen airmen, along with descendants of the local heroes who rescued the survivors, gathered to commemorate the 80th anniversary and honour the lives lost and the courage that followed.

The bomber, which took off from RAAF Base Laverton for a routine weapons test, crashed into the sea after a fire broke out. Captain of the aircraft Flight Lieutenant Robert Wines, Squadron Leader Frederick McGill and Leading Aircraftman Ronald Cavanagh were killed in the crash. However, Flight Lieutenant Albert Claire and Leading Aircraftman Dennis Roberts survived, thrown clear of the wreckage and rescued by local fishermen.

"It's difficult to express the loss felt by those of us who never met our loved ones. But today, we are reminded not just of the tragedy, but of the bravery that emerged," said Grant Reeckmann, nephew of Flight Lieutenant Wines.

"We gather together in tribute of the sacrifice of these men, and the courage of those who did everything they could to save them."

The brave actions of Allan Smith and Bill Thompson, who risked their lives in the rough seas to bring Claire and Roberts back to shore, were a central part of this story of survival.

Lois McConnell, niece of Mr Smith, reflected on the words of her uncle.

"'We weren't sure what we were going to find when we got out there, but we knew we had to try', is what Uncle Allan would say. 'Helping people in need was just what you did,'" she said.

Eighty years later, the families and community gathered at Point Addis for a memorial service that marked both the tragedy and the extraordinary heroism that followed.

A moving address from Squadron Leader Christopher Hayden emphasised the legacy of courage.

"We gather here today not just to mourn, but to honour the extraordinary courage shown by all involved," he said.

"The sacrifices made remind us that in times of tragedy, humanity shines brightest."

The ceremony concluded with a flypast at 11.07am, the exact time the crash occurred. The 100 Squadron heritage aircraft CAC Winjeel flew in honour of the men who had perished and the rescuers who ensured that others survived.

Chris and Nick, sons of Leading Aircraftman Roberts, shared their pride: "We've always felt the need to carry on our father's legacy. Today, we see the impact of his story, not just on our family, but on the entire community."

The service united the families of the fallen crew and the rescuers' descendants. They visited the Anglesea Historical Society, where an exhibition was unveiled sharing the story of the crash, the search and the ongoing legacy of bravery.

For the families of McGill, Wines and Cavanagh, the commemoration was a bittersweet moment to remember the sacrifice of their loved ones. For the descendants of Smith and Thompson, it was a time to honour the courage of those who risked everything to save others.

The 80th anniversary ensured that the memory of this wartime tragedy and the heroes it produced would never be forgotten.

Report: FLGOFF Rose Gigliotti, 464 Squadron Military Public Affairs, RAAF

Photography: WOFF Don Kenny, Air Force Imagery Specialist, RAAF

<https://www.defence.gov.au/news-events/news/2024-12-18/sacrifices-commemorated-80-years>



Photos from the commemoration of the 80th anniversary of the crash of the B-25D Mitchell bomber.



MAWSON FAMILY FURTHER GENERATIONS

Mawson Avenue is named after Sam and Emma Mawson (nee Hunt). Sam (1870-1933) and Emma (1868-1938) were married in 1891. Their family was well-known and respected in our seaside town. They enthusiastically supported the New Year's Day Regatta, and Sam Mawson was President of the Anglesea Recreation and Sports Club in 1914. Mrs Emma Mawson had the honour of opening the new clubhouse in January of that year. They donated the Regatta Cup in 1922. Their house was built using some of the timber from the wreck of the Inverloch. Their flagpole was once a mast from this ship. Sam Mawson followed his father and became a dentist in Geelong. He built Cambridge House in Anglesea in 1902 as a holiday house and brought his family here regularly. on the south east corner of Noble and Murray Streets. A separate building at the rear contained a bunk room, a billiard room and stables.



Mawson's Cambridge House

The following article, "Anglesea Memories" was written by Sam's grandson, Rodney Fernald, who passed away in January this year. Rodney was an active member of our Historical Society in the 1980s and 1990s. His mother was Reta Jean Mawson (1900-1966) and his father Donald Linton Fernald (1900-1964).



Mawson Family arriving by car 1926

Anglesea Memories by Rodney Fernald

Childhood Christmases – mid 1930s to late 1940s.

My earliest memories of Anglesea date from when we were still living in Geelong. In those days Dad was badly affected by the Great Depression and on weekends he would take us down there where we would stay in Cambridge House, grandfather Sam Mawson's holiday home. The purpose of these visits was to collect wattle bark which dad would sell to one of the tanneries, then operating in Geelong. Heaven knows what we looked like returning on Sunday afternoons, the old car loaded up with bundles of bark on the roof, the luggage rack on the back, and the front mudguards.

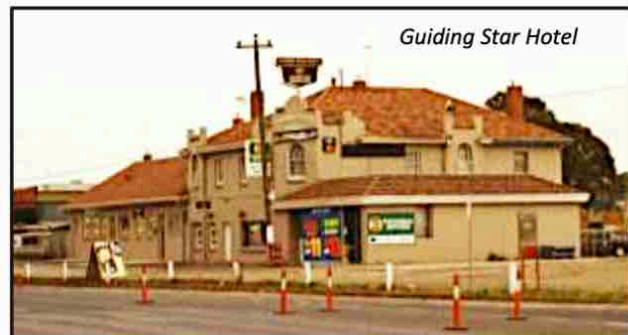
I recall one such trip home late in the day, when we had just left Anglesea and were coming out of a series of bends in the road known in our family as "Mae West" because of a CRB warning sign that simply said curves, when dad became anxious about a car approaching us at a good rate and well over the middle of the road. We were forced into a ditch and the other driver stopped and came to our assistance. Fortunately none of us were hurt and there was no damage to the car.

The driver begged dad not to make any mention of the incident, as he was the Lorne postmaster, who had been absent from his post of duty without permission. I can only assume this must have been late 1939 after the outbreak of the second world war when telephone exchanges had to be manned at all times.

In 1940 we moved to Melbourne, and because of wartime travel restrictions and petrol rationing, it was a bit doubtful whether we would be able to go away for Christmas, but somehow it was managed. However Uncle Dave Doyle, Ivy Mawson's husband, who was manager of the David Mitchell Estate at Lilydale, always just happened to have a truck delivering building supplies to the Geelong or Colac areas at that time, and so all our gear etc. for six weeks holiday, always managed to fit on board.

I remember one year, when the truck, for some reason, was not returning to Melbourne on the same day (dad usually went with it to open the house and get the gear inside), so Peter Doyle, Jean [Rodney's sister] and me, with Peter's dog Smudge went instead, the three of us to stay a couple of days until the adults came. Being war time, the truck was not supposed to carry passengers, so the three of us and the dog, travelled the whole way under a tarpaulin on the back of the vehicle.

The last week before Christmas was full of excitement for Jean and me, as everything was packed and the day finally came when we were installed in the back seat of the car, with a pile of clothing between us to stop us from tearing each other apart. Then the drive into the city, round the dock area, and across to Footscray. Finally we would be on the Geelong Road and looking for our first landmark, the old Guiding Star Hotel, which then was well out in the country. On we would travel at the (to us), was a high speed of about 40mph until we reached the Laverton/Point Cook area, a fascinating place for a small boy with all the RAAF training aircraft operating out of the paddocks alongside the road.



Guiding Star Hotel

Eventually Geelong was reached and of course, mother wanted to call on all her relatives (seemingly thousands of them) with dad muttering about whether we would get to Anglesea in time for Christmas, but at last we were off again, up the long Belmont Hill and out onto the open road once more.

In those days, the Glastonbury Orphanage was almost out in the country, and from our earliest days, dad would move to the centre of the road and slow down as though he was going to turn in their gates. He was always threatening to leave us there if we misbehaved and the chorus of screams of "I'll be good" was probably music to his ears. Then it was up the long hill out of Waurm Ponds and we felt we were really on our way. After that it was through Freshwater Creek, past the German church and down the long hill and through Jan Juc (now known as Bellbrae) and up the equally long hill to the junction with the Torquay Road. From this point on mother would be pointing out traces of the original road that her family had travelled in her childhood, saying "this was where we had to get out and walk up the hill to rest the horses" or "this was where Auntie Bess (Julien) was nearly left behind after a toilet stop" and other memories. After this there was a competition between Jean and me as in being first to see the sea over the treetops.

Then it was through the aforementioned area of Mae West and excitement became intense, for round the next bend, past the Scout Camp gates, was Heaven. ANGLESEA.

And then, there it was, spread out before us with Point Roadknight green and gold in the late afternoon sun, and white water breaking over the rocks jutting out into Princess Mary Bay. The Pearly Gates were open before us.

On the way down the hill, we would speculate on what changes had occurred during the last year (generally little or none), and then it was round the last bend and past the Post Office and general store, over the little rise in front of the pub, and down past the church, (which we only knew from the outside), and across the bridge. Here the level of the river would be keenly noted.

Immediately over the bridge, we turned right onto the gravel surface of Noble street, between the Fire Station (an old tin garage) and Hedley's camping ground until we reached the gates of Cambridge House. I understand Cambridge House was one of a number prefabricated in England and shipped out here and then re-erected. It was really a bit primitive I suppose. There was no electricity or running water. It consisted of four main rooms, a room for the maid, and a storeroom off the back veranda, with large verandas down one side and across the front. Before my time a small bathroom and a large room, the length of the house, had been added to the west side. This room was known as the Boys Room and could sleep about a dozen. Cooking was done on a wood fired stove in the kitchen, and lighting was by kerosene lamps, the one in the main room being a large Aladdin pressure lamp. Water came from a well outside the back of the house and a tank behind the bathroom. Both were fed from rainwater off the roof, although mother always said there was a spring under the well. Refrigeration was by a Coolgardie evaporation unit. The only lavatory was in a storeroom separate from the house, the receptacle underneath being a four gallon kerosene tin which had to be replaced fairly often! Instead of pulling a chain or pushing a button you emptied a slurp of phenyl into it. Seemed to work all right. We were generally the first to arrive, the Doyles coming a day or two later, often with cousin Sandra Mawson. After dad had unlocked the back door, we surged in and rushed from room to room, checking that all was as it should be, our old books, comics, toys, etc. being present and correct.

After the arrival of the Doyle boys, our next and most important task, was the selection of the Christmas Tree. In those days the property extended from present day Mawson Avenue to Murray Street, and from Noble Street to the far side of today's Holmwood Avenue. There was a similar area on the other side of Noble Street, going back to the far side of Fernald Avenue. Off we would go in search of a suitable young pine (Cambridge House was enclosed on two sides by large pine trees and there were always young trees to be found down near the Scout Camp). Our tree would be triumphantly carried back and installed in one corner of the main room. It was then decorated with great care from a box of goodies which dated back to mother's childhood, each piece going in its proper place.

If there was time between our arrival and Christmas Day, we would, of course go down to the river and check on the boatshed which formed an important part of our holidays. Then across the road to Hedley's café and Milk Bar. If after a sneaky check, Les Hedley's wife Nancy, or his younger sister Lucy were present, we would go in, for either of these two ladies would always give us a free ice cream to welcome us. If neither of them were there, we would keep coming back until they were.

Christmas Day was a Big Event. Present would be the four of us, Auntie Ivy and Uncle Dave, their three boys, Bob, Geoff and Peter, cousin Sandra, and occasionally her parents, Guy and Dulcie Mawson. Guy had joined the RAAF at the outbreak of war and was only there a couple of times. Dulcie never came when he wasn't there, but Sandy always did. Later on, first Bob and then Geoff joined the Army and we were without them until the end of the war.

On Christmas morning, none of us dared make a move until the adults were up, although I remember one year when I was awakened by a finger being jabbed in my ribs, and a small excited voice saying "wake up, wake up, it's Christmas Day and he's BEEN!" Little Sandy's round face and blonde fringe were peering at me over the edge of the bed and I shot out like a rocket. Together we crept through Auntie Ivy's bedroom to the main room and sat on the floor, gazing entranced at that wonderful tree loaded with parcels, and more piled under it.

To be continued in Coastal Current #147



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